

New Jersey and Me

Contributed by Larry Smith

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I wasn't hot for Amy Gold the first time I saw her or for a lot of times after that. It wasn't love at first sight, that's for sure. In fact, while it may seem odd, the first time I felt a deep attraction was when I saw my friend Jerry Favaro scowling because Amy had bent over in the office to pick something up, and the sight of her rear end disgusted him. Actually, he was looking at me when he scowled, as if to say, "You believe this?" Women who look like Amy make Jerry sick. Most of his girlfriends, and both his wives, were blondes on the thin side and, to be honest, a little nondescript for my taste.

Â Â Â Once Jerry and I took our daughters, who weren't more than seven or eight at the time, on a camping trip. A half-dozen other fathers were there as well with their daughters. After dinner the first night, Jerry made some kind of a comment about how much he enjoys not having women around to nag him. I think he just enjoys not having women around, period. But he's my friend, so I don't say anything.

Â Â Â Anyway, the revulsion on Jerry's face was so memorable, I remembered the moment and, as I remembered the moment, I remembered Amy. She wasn't repulsive. Quite to the contrary, she had a really soft and thin and tender face, the kind of sweet soft face that Jews get, and it was the combination of the pretty face with that big fat ass that got me hot. And it got me to thinking that many of the women I've been attracted to have that contrast somewhere down the line. It's a key to what I like the most sexually. I think of one woman who has the most delicate face you can imagine "so delicate I just can't stand the thought of her unhappy or full of pain or crying (which is too bad, because she's not that content a person and her face registers a lot of the deep-seated unhappiness she's always feeling over things)—and sometimes, when I admire her lovely face, I think about what a big hairy cunt she's got. And that gets me hot, because I love the combination.

Â Â Â I think about how the kinds of sexual hunger I feel force me to live a double life. There are people, Todd Mandel, for one, who would be very understanding if I were to tell them how I feel about women like Amy. In fact, I did tell Todd Mandel, who was Amy's boss at the office, and he was really simpatico, although I think Todd is so riddled with unorthodox needs of his own that it's made him more tolerant of others. That's not unusual for Jews, to deal with things like that.

Â Â Â But for so many others I have to put on a complete charade. Even Jews get real moral about things in general, and those sorts of Jews I don't talk to about anything personal. I think about a guy like Jerry Favaro, and I realize what a gulf there will always be between us. Even if I could tell him, "Look, Jer, I know her fat ass makes you puke, but to me it's a perfect complement to her beautiful face, and it really gets me hot, and I really like it," and even if I then convince him I'm not a freak, why should I be bothering in the first place? Who is he to make me bother like that? A person shouldn't have to go so damn far to meet somebody else half way.

Â Â Â I remember the way he and Lenny McKenna made fun of me because I tried to conceal a rendezvous with Polly Candolfi who'd gone to the track with us that night. After they dropped us off at the parking lot in Montclair, she got into my car to make out, but Jerry and Lenny hadn't quite left at that point, they were only making a U-turn on the adjacent strip of highway. Of course, they broke my chops afterward, but they were admiring me all the same because Polly has the type of anatomy they admire. If it were Amy, I'd have been dead. It would have gotten all over the office and Amy and I would have been the butt of mockery. Who needs that!

Â Â Â Amy's is another face that has a lot of loveliness because it seems to have pain in it, a wistful but lingering pain. In the case of Amy, I don't know if the pain comes from her marriage or from the fact that her ass is too big for her to be beautiful in the conventional sense. Her ass might make her feel lonely a lot, as well as maybe it causes trouble between her and Mr. Gold. Probably some combination of all that. In any event, along with it dawning on me that I was hot for her body, I also grew this need to comfort her.

Â Â Â Not just salve her pain, but convince her there was no need for pain: that just because Mr. Gold didn't think she was beautiful didn't mean she wasn't. Early in the morning in particular I would lie in bed thinking about stroking her face. Baby, I'd say, pretty, pretty baby. As I'd stroke her tenderly, I'd get hungry to play with her ass. Not actually fuck it, because while I loved it, I didn't want to be hurting her up the butt the very second after I finished reassuring her all about her whole life and how wonderful she was. What I really wanted was to just dive into the woman. I could imagine grabbing on to the two big cheeks and kneading them like dough, and watch her blush a little bit as I'd say, "Amy, I want to make you."

Â Â Â I know now as I look back that little by little I was getting led to Amy Gold. I started chatting her up at the office but, you know, I'm basically a shy guy even though I've had a lot of women. I just didn't feel comfortable asking her out. When you're married, you feel sleazy asking somebody out and, when they're married, you feel very presumptuous. And, as I freely admitted to myself, I'd also worry that Jerry and maybe others would find out I was seeing her. Ideally, it would be great not to care about things like that. But you get to a point in life where you have to admit you're not the person you'd like to be. I'd like not to care what people think, but I need to show off women like Polly and hide women like Amy. There are so many ways in which I'm not the person I'd like to be.

Â Â Â In those days, I used to go to lunch every day at a place down the road in Clifton called Family Values. The tavern belonged to a local family; thus its name. But, as I recall it, the name was appropriate for other reasons as well. I loved it there. In those days, I was still packing it away, and I could finish off three martinis with my afternoon cheeseburger. These weren't people I'd likely socialize with ever, but to this day they're in my thoughts more often than the people my wife and I were regularly inviting to our house.

Â Â Â There was Jack the bartender who had a child with Down's syndrome. You could tell from knowing him that this was a

very rough and sinful man but who had made a major moral decision right away when the baby was born. He might go on fucking other men's wives or beating the shit out of this guy or that guy. Yet this child would always have his heart and soul. He called him the "little fellow."

Â Â Â Jack's brother dropped by once a week or so. He was a more educated man, a chemist who, it was said, invented children's aspirin during the early part of his career. But he was just another employee of the pharmaceutical company that owned all rights. He'd done his job and gotten a salary for it and that was that. Once we were watching TV at the bar and the wife of a sports figure who had recently died was giving a tearful speech. He smiled and said he met the woman when her husband's team was in New York and that he banged the bejeesus out of her. I glanced at Jack behind the bar who winked as if to say, "You bet he did!"

Â Â Â Mel was an architect who sat at the bar a lot. He'd won awards of all kinds, but you'd never know it, he was like somebody's Jewish uncle who sold swimwear or plumbing supplies or life insurance. He took care of his brother, who was a complete loser, couldn't work or do anything. So you see why I got to thinking how appropriately the saloon was named. Eventually the son of one of the owners took over and drank up all the profits and the food started tasting like shit, so it closed down. Live by the family, die by the family.

Â Â Â They all knew who Polly was because her father sold refrigeration parts, or something like that, and the bar owed him money (which, toward the end, they stiffed him for). While they all knew I was fucking Polly, I felt hesitant to bring Amy to Family Values—assuming I could work up the nerve to ask her anywhere—because I didn't want these guys thinking I'd fuck a woman with such a big fat ass. I was being self-conscious way past rational need. After all, I used to bring all kinds of people there, including my first boss at the office, George Haupke, who was a fag, and nobody looked down at me or suspected I was gay too just because I was eating lunch with the guy. Amy could have been just another friend, and her ass wouldn't have been an issue one way or another, except that we couldn't really sit at the bar.

Â Â Â One fateful day at the office I had indulged myself with a stiff drink, it couldn't have been any later than eleven or so. It was a stressful day, I'd say a fabled day, so much so that those who lived through it were still recalling it years after they'd stopped working for the Mosebys, the nut-job husband and wife team we all worked for in those years. They would recall it through what seems to me now like a whole legion of happy-hour Friday nights stretching on for decades afterward in fancied-up Irish saloons on fancied-up Eighth Avenue or in reconverted gin mills all along Third Avenue. I think about all that time whizzing by and it makes me desperate for more than what I've got.

Â Â Â It was the day the Mosebys had abused poor Betsy Kelly, who was a nice, nice person, but she was fat in a way I'd have to say was unfortunate. She was all pallid ballooning freckled flesh. No personality, however pleasant, could make it graceful. Her face was flat and porky, and she moved around like a jeep that had just lost a rear tire. Looking at her reminded me of ten thousand one-liners. She was so fat, when she went to a computer dating service, the machine matched her up with Detroit. She was so ugly, when I gave a hickey, I got fur in my mouth. The Gospel According to Rodney.

Â Â Â I remember how Betsy told me, around when the Gary Hart-Donna Rice story broke, that, even if you're not out to get something tangible for yourself, like money or publicity or a job, power is still such an incredible aphrodisiac. And, she added, "I should know," hint, hint, wink, wink, meaning she'd once done a real live power broker herself, but she wouldn't tell me which one. So for months I kept guessing. Ted Kennedy? No. Wilbur Mills? No. Michael Deaver, for Christ's sake? No. She promised that she'd identify the man if she ever got another job and, when she did, and her last day working for the Mosebys arrived, Betsy Kelly was as good as her word. It was, she disclosed, the Mayor of Paterson, New Jersey who had woven the fatal spell when she was still working as a reporter for one of the Passaic papers and had the chance to observe the great man up close and on the job.

Â Â Â Anyway, the Mosebys had been browbeating Betsy Kelly unmercifully and, in one of those grand collective gestures, the department managers threatened to all resign if the abusive behavior didn't stop and Betsy reconciled or maybe even rewarded for her suffering with a week off or something. But the Mosebys went on the warpath and threatened to fire everybody, they'd run the whole company and do all the work themselves if they had to, goddamn it, and it was a day that, if you just blinked wrong, you'd get bounced. So I had a stiff one just to endure it all, and it went right to my head, which booze will do when you're very stressed.

Â Â Â I saw Amy walking out at lunchtime while the Betsy storm was still raging. How magnificent she looked to me then! She was wearing a loose brown floral dress that showed very nice legs. A deep tan tint colored her thin arms. Her dark brown eyes were downcast with anxiety and with a kind of sorrow over the lousy environment we were all being forced to live in. Her ass as she made for the elevator sprang massively from her hips and I just wanted to feed on it so bad right there and then before the hunger went away by itself and life returned to normal.

Â Â Â The Betsy situation was a good excuse to get a little more familiar at last and ask Amy to join me at Family Values.

Â Â Â I enjoyed being with her from the very beginning. She wasn't the type to act distant or play games or be on her guard. But she wasn't self-indulgent either like some women are when they want a guy to just sit and listen to their shit. I didn't have to put on a show and neither did she. She was just so regular, so there. Pleasant and direct. I think her ass had humanized her. When you stop to think about it, Amy was really a gorgeous woman. But she didn't act as if she were, because she knew she had a big fat ass, and she knew I knew and so did everybody else.

Â Â Â In fact, she must have found me something of a mystery, if she realized that I was sexually attracted to her. Just about everybody in the office liked me, and there were a lot of people I could have lunch with if I wanted to. I didn't need a friend in that sense, so my motives must have been pretty obvious to her. She had to be wondering what I saw in her. But the way she smiled a couple of days later, when I asked her out for lunch again, it was the happy smile of someone who felt flattered.

Â Â Â Watching the way she sidled into the car, it struck me: Damn, I want to fuck this woman until she's pregnant. I want

her all blown up on the other side as well, big and fat with a baby in her belly on account of my jizz.

Â Â Â "What are you doing this weekend?" I asked. It was Friday already.

Â Â Â "We get together a lot with my husband's family. Most of them are still in Fort Lee. A few in Leonia and Tenafly."

Â Â Â "How long married?"

Â Â Â "Three years," she answered.

Â Â Â "Eleven years for us," I volunteered.

Â Â Â She peered at me, interested. "And you have a ten-year old."

Â Â Â "It's a great age," I commented. "They're old enough so you can talk to them like they're people, just have a regular conversation. But young enough so the adolescent crap hasn't started yet."

Â Â Â "You have to have some reason to work hard," she said, "some reason to put up with the Mosebys." Damn, it sounded to me like she was longing so much to have a child that it was just killing her. What dignity the woman had!

Â Â Â A few days went by, and I didn't ask her out again right away, I don't know why I didn't. Jerry and Lenny took me and Polly to the Meadowlands again, and we had a great time. Polly was laughing all night. We kept her in stitches, especially after Lenny dropped a hundred dollars on one race. When he saw the owner of the winning horse, a very nice-looking young lady who, you could tell, had probably gotten the horse as a gift from her father or some other relative—parts of this state are real horsy, with fashionable Jackie O types coming and going all the time—she was carrying on and getting emotional in the winner's circle, hugging the horse's neck and kissing him on the snout.

Â Â Â McKenna lost it. "Jesus Christ, she's kissing the goddamn horse!" he hollered. "Why don't you just suck his cock, for crying out loud!" Polly practically doubled up. When she was in the ladies' room, and I was a little ways off getting some food, I overheard Jerry telling Lenny that Polly's fiance was a dull, conservative kind of guy. For all their chop-busting, it was touching how those mugs were sympathetic with why she was fucking me.

Â Â Â Then came a few more afternoons at Family Values without Amy. Ed McGlynn was coming by. He was a guy I loved to argue with. He fascinated me. He was an ultra conservative who'd been trained by the Jesuits, and who worked as a public defender. In fact, he had a reputation for being one of the best public defenders in New Jersey. He was strictly right wing on every political issue except crime. On that subject, he was nuts the other way. According to McGlynn, as long as people weren't likely to commit the same crime again, you should just let them go. I don't know if he felt that way and became a public defender, or if he felt that way because being a public defender had humanized his attitudes. I never asked him, because I saw no point in asking. He would never, never admit that doing what he did for a living made him abandon any part of the conservative political line.

Â Â Â If I didn't ask Amy out again, she might not think anything of it one way or another. I didn't know, after all, I didn't have a definite sense at that point what if anything she was feeling for me or how she really perceived my interest in her. But I had planted a seed inside myself that was all ripe and bursting for Amy's ample spread. And, if she did feel something for me like what I felt for her, I hated the idea of hurting her feelings or making her feel rejected. Hated it like poison.

Â Â Â So I finally asked her again to have lunch with me and, to my delight, her whole face lit up with the soft sweet smile I loved so much. It seemed at that moment that she certainly was interested in having a romance with me, although you can't always tell with married women. They may be saying they want you but they don't consciously know they're saying it or they aren't willing to really admit it.

Â Â Â Again it was a Friday, so just like last time I asked her what she was doing for the weekend. Again, they were seeing the in-laws, except this weekend she and her husband would be going down to Cape May where one of his uncles had a cottage.

Â Â Â "I love Cape May," I told her, "all those wacky Victorian houses." When I was younger, I associated Victorian houses with boring family gatherings. I thought they were oppressive and utilitarian. But when I was in my twenties, I had a revelation. I was up on the Ferris Wheel at Asbury Park. The dozens of Victorian houses I could see from on top formed an extraordinary landscape, they were fabulous creatures with angles and intricate outcroppings everywhere, almost alive, planted on the green grass like a sculpture garden that went on for as far as the eye could see. The more garish ones I'd see years later at Cape May were like big candy houses straight out of Hansel and Gretel, except no witch.

Â Â Â "I like Cape May too," she said a little impatiently, "but I'm not a beach person."

Â Â Â "These days I don't mind spending my vacations lying around and doing nothing," I said. "I'm not always up for sightseeing."

Â Â Â "I don't look that good in a bathing suit," she said with a quick self-deprecating smile. Gee, I'd have loved to see that rump of hers bursting out of a bathing suit. I'd have loved to see her blush with an "Oh gosh!" look on her sweet Jew face as the sprightly cloth fails to wrap the formidable bulge.

Â Â Â "Oh don't say that," was all I could muster up in response. I was disappointed with myself. She'd put a personal part of herself on the table and I was too chicken shit to go get it.

Â Â Â Back at the office, the sense of lost opportunity made my sexual longings run wild. I kept seeing her in the bathing suit which she didn't think she looked "that good" in. The exposed globes shine pale beside her tan thighs. The cloth stretches but can't hide the distinct crack in her ass. It reveals a huge swatch of hair coming up from the cunt to the butthole.

Â Â Â When I heard the sound of her voice in Todd's office, it was like a bird's lilt, the sound of a little tiny sparrow or a beautiful double-breasted sapsucker, a pure music that just emanates and emanates. So then you go over to the little sapsucker and you stick a big wet cunt under its wing, and the lilt doesn't coarsen. No, it still stays lyrical and beautiful, still a sound of feminine purity, but now it's all undone and full of agitated little noises and what they call in music a glissandi skipping wildly all over the musical scale in shock and delight at having this wet fuckhole that it must suddenly live with and deal with. Oh what music! That was Amy, the way I imagined her sounding if I could ever get between her legs.

Â Â Â I walked into Todd's office right after she left. "Quite a lot for Mr. Gold to handle," I winked.

Â Â Â Todd guffawed. "I don't think Mr. Gold tries too hard," he said. Leigh Ann, another woman in his department, had told him there were problems. "I think it's a pretty sad situation," he then added in a more somber tone that didn't sound like Todd at all.

Â Â Â "Leigh Ann shouldn't be gossiping so much," I said.

Â Â Â I felt pushed along by tidal forces. I felt if I didn't take action right away I'd hate myself and regret it always. The very next moment, which was for me a joyous and excited moment, I walked over to her cubby and said, with a kind of anger in my voice, but very respectful all the same, because it wasn't her I was angry at, it was the whole world but especially her husband I was angry at for not loving her as much as she deserved, I said, "I think you're wrong."

Â Â Â She looked up with a little smile and her calm brown eyes were luminous, and I noticed for the first time how much I liked the subtle gray flecks in her hair, they added so to the overall inner reserve of the woman. It was a wonderful dignity that was such a part of her, and that I loved for the way it contrasted with all the raw stuff south of the border.

Â Â Â "About what, Jimmy?"

Â Â Â "About the beach. I bet you look great in a bathing suit." As soon as I said it, I bolted away from her cubby without sticking around to see how she'd respond. That was shrewd of me, to bolt away like that. It made me look sincere and vulnerable, which in fact I was. I had revealed my truest, truest inner feelings. I said what I had to say, and that was all there was to it.

Â Â Â When I saw her going home that evening, she smiled at me and seemed very approachable. Maybe I could have followed her outside and kissed her, but I didn't push my luck.

Â Â Â The next day I needed a breather so I acted as if I was swamped with work. But the day after that when I walked past her cubby on the way to Family Values I asked her, for what seemed somehow the umpteenth time, "You want to have lunch?"

Â Â Â It was great. She didn't bother to say yes. She just rose up, she rose up all passionate. She just got up and picked up her purse and accompanied me to the elevator, and never took her eyes, which were sweet and steady and resolute, off of me. She was looking at me like I was someone who had turned her whole life upside down. I was her man now, because it was me who was hot for her the way she was.

Â Â Â If we hadn't been in the office, we'd have kissed right there. The way she looked at me, it was with a fixed stare, an unquestioning acquiescence that made me feel special because I made her feel special. It was terrific. Her stare so full of strength and gratitude put me in a rapture and I couldn't have cared less what the receptionist was thinking as Amy and I walked off past her to the elevator.

Â Â Â Besides which, the receptionist on duty at that time of day was Lucinda, and she was so weird nobody would have paid any attention even if she were smart enough to know what was going on in front of her eyes and then gossip about it later. Afterward I learned—I learned it because Lucinda herself just came out and told me as if it were the most natural thing in the world—that she was embroiled in a big battle in family court, or maybe it was with a social services agency of some sort in Patterson, because her brother had gone into her bedroom and found a diary in which she'd written down all her secret thoughts and desires. Her brother showed it to his friends, so she bit his eye out. Bit it right out. Hell of a town, Paterson, New Jersey!

Â Â Â Great and mysterious half-conscious plotting drove me. One's whole being focuses at such times on finding the vulnerabilities in the person you love. I don't think such plotting is exploitative. If you want to love someone, you want to know where it hurts them most, so you can make it better.

Â Â Â But talk about a great and mysterious destiny, with Amy I wanted a lot more than to just get laid. Soberly, every day more soberly, I was realizing how incredibly much I wanted her to have my baby. If I gave her a boy, it was true the unwitting Mr. Gold would be his lifelong role model. But I have hot genes and a sizable dick and a deep passion for life, even though I never get to live it as much as I'd like, what with work and raising a family and all. But surely a lot of me would pass into the boy, my passions would seep into him and he'd be like me in a lot of ways whatever else they might do to him in Fort Lee.

Â Â Â At lunch, I started off by talking about my daughter and some of the difficult things that had come up, and how well my wife was handling it. "I bet you'd be a great mother too," I said, intimately. She didn't answer, "I don't mean to butt in, if that's a touchy subject," I added. Again, I was being shrewd.

Â Â Â "That's all right," said Amy. "You're not butting in."

Â Â Â "But maybe I want to butt in. Maybe I'm interested."

Â Â Â With that comment, the preliminaries were all over and done with at last, like we'd just forded a stream, if you know what I mean. You could feel it now. One thing was going to lead to another.

Â Â Â "My husband isn't always that interested."

Â Â Â "It's understandable that you wouldn't want to have a child..." I searched hard for the right way to say it. "...from indifferent sex."

Â Â Â "Well put," she said, bitterly. It was a sad bitterness that made me want to fuck her full of joy. Jack arrived at the table with another round. Good old Jack, there was a respectful quiet in the way he came and went. He was fulfilling a silent office, all respectful of the ritual he knew was going on before him.

Â Â Â "You want it with a man who dreamed about getting you pregnant the second he laid eyes on you," I said.

Â Â Â "You find me that attractive?"

Â Â Â "Yes." Then I tried something I never had before. I said, "Amy, can we be quiet for a moment? I have something I want to say, and I want to think about how to say it in the best way I can."

Â Â Â There's a lesson in that. If you can't think what to say next, ask for time out. It's a lot better than having it come out all wrong. And it doesn't break the mood. Quite to the contrary, it enhances the mood. On the other hand, the way Amy was

smiling, I knew she loved me anyway.

“Amy, forgive me if I’m wrong, but I believe that the very aspect of your appearance that your husband finds unattractive, is exactly what I find most attractive. What drives him away draws me to you. Maybe you yourself think it’s unattractive. I would suggest otherwise, and I want to prove it to you.”

I thought I spoke very eloquently but she gave me a look that was a little on the quizzical side. “That’s nice,” she said. “But say it again, Jimmy. This time, say it shamelessly.”

One thing I love is how you get attached to a place, any place. It’s not necessarily that you love it like you love a beautiful forest or a roaring river, but that you see it so much every day, it’s so familiar, and all your experiences there fill it full of texture. For example, I grew up in Bergenfield, which isn’t much of a town, but I’m attached to it in the same way I suppose most people identify with their hometowns. Later, when I started listening to modern jazz, which I really love, I found out that Prestige Records used to be in Bergenfield. I went to S. Washington Avenue where the studio was, and I was thrilled to look at the spot realizing Miles Davis and John Coltrane had been there.

These days it’s Route 3 itself that has a great deal of resonance for me. Some of that is because of the Sports Complex and the good times at the track with Jerry and Lenny. Like the time Lenny shouted to the woman to suck the horse’s cock. Or the time I went to a Nets game against the Bulls, and it was only Jordan’s second year in the NBA and, since I’m the most casual basketball fan you can imagine, I had to have Jerry explain to me who he was.

And the motels. There’s the cheap but clean one on the exit to Secaucus with mirrors in the rooms where I used to take Polly a lot. Or the Marriott farther up toward the office, which is where I went with Amy.

“I’m a little nervous,” she said in the car.

“Why?”

“I’m not used to men being so attracted to me,” she said. “I’m still not altogether sure what’s happening.”

“Don’t you remember what I said to you at Family Values?”

“That frightens me a little,” she says. “No offense, but it’s not all that normal.”

“It’ll be fine,” and I pressed her hand. “Babe, you got what I need. Besides,” I said, “you’re the one who told me to be shameless.”

These Marriott and Holiday Inns, I have to admit I think they’re terrific. They’re made for love. The sheets are so crisp. You feel so secure in these places. At least I do. There’s one Best Western at the entrance to Route 4 the rooms of which are like well-kept dollhouses. I walk in and feel relieved of all my burdens. Sometimes you don’t even realize how much stress you’re going through, between your job and your family obligations. These hotels are safe refuges along the highways of life.

When I kissed her at last, I knew she hadn’t been loved in a long time because she was so thirsty the way she drank me up when I put my tongue into her mouth. She sucked on it and sucked on it. In all my life I never felt so confident in my passion as at that moment when she took my tongue. “Strip naked, Amy,” I said.

She unbuttoned her blouse and took off her bra so I could see that her titties were round and brown and as soft as her sweet fine face. But when she fumbled at her belt, I could tell she was still afraid to be showing me how gross she was down there. So I said, “Sweetie, I want it all,” and I reached over and yanked her skirt right down. Her cute white panties looked positively lost trying to guard that great big spread of hers. I just loved how positively lost they looked.

“Here I am,” she said.

“Oh, sweetheart, flowers could grow from all you got,” I said, and I pulled her panties down to her ankles and buried my face in her hairy cunt. It was very hairy. “Oh baby, I love it,” I said as I played with her big fat ass. Then I fucked her doggie style so I could stare at her ass while I probed into her, and when I came I called her a big fat beautiful piece of tail.

I kissed her and whispered, “I care for you so, I care for you so.” That way she’d know, she’d always know, that no matter what I said about her big fat ass or how I said it, my heart truly was in her hands, and hers in mine, and that we were one soul inseparable, and that I would never hurt her. She bit gently at my face as I stuck two fingers up the great magic ass.

“Have my baby,” I said after we rested a little in each other’s arms.

“He’ll know,” she said, softly. By that point, I didn’t have to tell her that knocking her up was what I’d been angling for from the very beginning.

“What does he expect, that you’ll be a celibate for the rest of your life because your spread is too much for him?”

“I don’t know what he expects.”

“My dick is in love with you. It loves your spread.”

“You sexy man.”

“I need more life.”

I got hard again and gave her a good slow screwing. “I need a baby too,” she whispered in acknowledgement as I creamed again inside her. She was wide open.

“You and I look a little alike,” I reflected. “People will say the baby looks like you. Nobody will be the wiser. He’ll never suspect.”

“But Jimmy, he never fucks me.”

“Get him to just once.”

“He won’t.”

“Beg him.”

“Beg him.”

“Beg him.”

“Beg him.”

“Beg him.”

“Beg him.”

A week later we were in a sleazy motel in Rutherford just off Route 3. We'd gotten to the point where saying gross things added to the romance. "I love banging hot cunts like you in joints like this," I told her. Saying stuff like that only reminded us of how, in reality, we were so tenderly in love.

"I come to places like this when I'm craving it big and hard."

"You're always craving it, you bitch."

"Can I help it if God stuck me with all this meat where it counts the most?"

It was joyful to me, the extent to which she understood the nature of our love. So I put my fingertips on her little eyelids, and I said, "I love you so much, my sweet Amy."

"You fill my soul," she said.

"As you do mine."

"I'm having my period next week."

"You'll get fucked anyway," I said. "Or I'll cum in your mouth." I hadn't done that yet, and it seemed a strange thing, in a way, to be dumping in the angel part of her, in the svelte Jew-like gentle part. But I would have, I could have.

"The last day is a week from this Saturday. I'll probably be bleeding so little it will hardly be noticeable."

"Who cares?"

"You don't know what I mean," she said. "That's the day I'll beg him to get me pregnant. He hardly looks at me down there, but if he does see any blood, I'll make something up. Then you take over after that, when it will count."

I understood, oh I understood! I was elated and felt a kind of cold, wonderful terror. We were like conspirators in one of those old movies where they kill off the husband for the insurance money, except instead of killing the guy, she'd be fucking him, and, instead of being in good hands with Allstate, we'd wind up with a little bundle of joy to call our own.

The tone of her voice on the phone the Sunday after alarmed me a little. "I didn't quite have to beg," she said.

"Don't tell me the man got horny!"

"No, but in some ways things worked out because he was home all day. I said to him in the morning, 'You know, sometimes our life seems empty.' Then I told him how I loved him, and that having his baby would mean so much. He looked at me a little funny, and didn't say anything. I was a little worried at that point."

"Did you get him drunk?"

"No, he wouldn't have performed if he were tipsy, but we did have a little wine. I don't want to talk about it anymore."

"I'm not feeling so good right now," I answered, in a forlorn tone, and there was a silence on the phone. "Did he insult you?"

"Insult me?"

"You know what I mean."

"I wouldn't say that."

"Because if he insulted you, he insulted me."

"Baby! Oh baby!"

That Tuesday we took off work and were at the Marriott by nine in the morning so we'd have the whole day to get pregnant. "Lay there and show me your ass," I said, and she did, and my heart was enthralled that this piece of meat was there for me to bring to life, and that my Amy's angel eyes would be filled with happiness because she'd finally have something in this world to live for.

"My dick is loaded with life."

"My cunt is desperate for it."

"Name the baby," I said as I pumped, and as I pumped and felt her cunt open up, she said "Daniel or Nancy, Daniel or Nancy." I said, "I love your big fat ass." I poured my words into her ear, and she said, "I love my cunt because it's been fucked by you." I said "give me your tits, I'll suck them like Daniel or Nancy," and she yelled out, "Give me life," so loud I thought somebody might complain to the front desk. "Here it comes," I hissed, and she bellowed, "Oh the jizz!"

We skipped work again on Friday. I let her lie on her back with her cunt raised up as she sang for me, sang for me with that sweet chickadee lilt, some song I never heard; in fact, it wasn't even English, it was just gibberish, but it was a deep fuck-me kind of song that I imagine was first sung in an old mysterious time before the world as we know it existed and the only thing there was was this great calling in the heavens at night. This time I knew my cream was boiling hot because I got so carried away I stuck half my hand up her big fat ass and wasn't even aware I had done so until I was all drained and it was time to pull on out.

Amy missed her next period and I was so expended it's hard to say how happy I was when she came to my office and smiled so that I knew right away she was going to have my baby. I was happy, of course, but it was a little anticlimactic, I think for both of us. The deed of life was done and now there were still the thousands of small shit-type things to take care of, like coding invoices and hooking up cable.

"He's uncomfortable with it because he's uncomfortable with me, physically," she said next day at Family Values.

"Yeah, if he doesn't like your ass, he's not going to like your belly. Me, I can't wait...I'm going to lick it all over."

"I know," she said, in a girlish way that I got such a kick out of. "Don't worry about him. He'll be a good father."

As the months went by, I'd find myself alone with her sometimes in a motel, other times in a parked car, just stroking, or gently fucking. A few times I got ravenous, and banged her hard, and I'd really eat her out because it was like I was reaching up into her cunt with my tongue in order to kiss our baby. And I stroked her ass a lot too as if there weren't a lot of difference between this thing and the other thing, by which I mean that her big fat ass was part of the pregnancy, and I got to sticking my tongue up there too and kissing Daniel or Nancy in her gut.

Amy would always cum now when I fucked her because she'd get this glad and glorious feeling about how the dick that was inside her was the same dick that knocked her up. And she started sucking my dick more than before because

she loved to taste my jizz because it was the very elixir that had put life inside of her.

Â Â Â Â Once I visited her in her home when she was about seven months. Who could accuse us of anything, after all? It would have been absurd for anybody to be suspicious at this point. I told her to tell her husband that she and I had become great friends, and that I was so happy for her I just liked to visit. He'll be grateful, I told her. He'll be thankful I'm so attentive, so that he doesn't have to be. "I don't have to tell him anything," she answered, coldly.

Â Â Â Â So I kept dropping by in the last few weeks. A couple of Saturdays I'd sit and chat with her husband, who thought I was just an odd duck. More often, I'd visit in the early evenings, after she'd taken full leave from work. I'd get there as early as I could because she looked so beautiful in the dusk, all tender and pregnant and such. She'd call her husband's office to make sure he was still there and then she'd blow me in her bed or accommodate my gentle fuck. I liked stroking her ass as much as ever.

Â Â Â Â She was full of me and happy because of me, and her frail melodious voice sang out at the sight of me. One day when I got there, she was knitting. "I like to see you knit." I said.

Â Â Â Â A story a friend once told her had stayed in her memory. Years ago, this friend's sister went to a psychiatrist with a great reputation named Phyllis Greenacre. Dr. Greenacre always sat through the sessions knitting, which was kind of comforting. Amy's friend even wondered if Dr. Greenacre might have been doing it on purpose in order to send a message to the poor souls she tended.

Â Â Â The baby was born on a Monday and I felt it was smart and safe to wait a week before going to see her. Until then, it was all secret phone calls from work. In the evening, when her husband and family were there, I'd call once or twice and Amy would just listen as she held the phone and mutter monosyllables in response to my fervid proclamations.

Â Â Â "I'm hot for both of you," I said. "I want to kiss the baby so. And I'm hungry to lick your big cunt and asshole and to feel where my baby came out."

Â Â Â "Yes, I can see your point," was all Amy could usually say surrounded by people.

Â Â Â I came over the next week, on Thursday, because the nanny wasn't scheduled to be there. I brought a dozen roses. Amy had said she'd leave the door open for me. When I walked in, she was in bed, nursing. I kissed the baby everywhere and smoothed Amy's hair, which was unkempt, and fingered the gray flecks that looked like satin. I stripped and got into bed with them and fucked her gently as she nursed.

Â Â Â She kept thanking me. She said the very sight of the baby made her wet for me, and I nibbled the baby's ear as I fucked my beloved. After I came, I got out of bed and went over and picked one of the red roses and stuck it in Amy's big fat ass. Then I realized it was too risky to stay much longer so I'd have to start thinking about going home.